

## Free Fares to Evansville

Every Day in the Year

**T**O FURTHER our already large out-of-city patronage, we offer to refund your fares by rail or boat both ways, provided your purchase amounts to twenty-five dollars or more.

**No red tape, no waiting, your fare will be rebated right in the store, or deducted from the amount of your purchase.**

All we require is a receipt showing the purchase of your ticket and destination. The ticket agent at your depot will furnish same gratis.—DeYong's

One price to all. Every Garment marked in Plain Figures.

Cloaks, Suits, Waists, Skirts, Dresses  
Negligees, Muslin Underwear  
and Millinery  
For Women and Children.

308 MAIN ST.  
**DeYong's**  
CLOAK EMPORIUM.

### READY FOR SPRING

**A**LL signs of spring are welcome but none more so to the feminine minds of Evansville and vicinity than the announcement of our

### COMPLETE READINESS.

This exposition of styles will be far superior to any showing we ever made. The styles this season are so elaborate, so extensive and so varied that the most extraordinary results have been attained.

**This is a personal invitation to you and your friends to be our guests and make our store YOUR HOME when in Evansville.**

This store is in speaking distance. When in need of any garment call us by Long Distance Phone 898. If your order amounts to five dollars or more we pay the toll charges.

## His Wife's Talent

AN EAST-ERN STORY

By ELVIR A. ROYD FROEMCKE

THE Babcocks were fortunate young people; and their good luck was more than partially in Nancy. Nancy was of the "good" type; severe, capable and thorough. She had been "managing" for the ten months of their married existence; cooking, washing, ironing and dictating, till they became more like her children; and the day she proposed to "larn Mis' Babcock housekeeping" was a day deferred.

One sad morning Mrs. Babcock paused as she opened the kitchen pantry door, for there, like a ghost of the departed, hung Nancy's "chore duds," i. e., faded cotton skirt and sack, checked sunbonnet and huge prunella gaiters. "Mercy!" exclaimed she, "I feel as if Nancy's eyes were on me. I wish she were here. I'd hug her."

"What's that?" called Joe. "If you feel like hugging anybody, come here and hug me, for I must be off."

Mollie sniffed. "Poor Nancy, I hope she can come back to-day. Oh, Joe! Easter three days off, Nancy sick, the choir coming here for Easter supper, and a wife who knows nothing but singing and loving! Poor Joe!"

Joe did not answer, but his kisses proved his content, and Mollie, flushed and smiling, was convinced.

A boy stopped Joe at the gate. "I'd like to see Mis' Babcock," he said. Joe indicated Mollie.

"That hain't never Aunt Nancy's marm," he gasped; then "Be ye?" to Mollie; and added: "Wa'al, I swan," before he delivered the mournful news of Aunt Nancy's "swol' jaw and shet eyes" that would keep her in bed for a week.

"Oh-h!" said Mollie, and "Oh-h-h!" mocked Joe.

"What shall we do?" laughed Mollie. "Do everything we proposed and a little more, to show how clever we are," answered Joe.

"Yes, but Alice Morris will pity you for having married me."

"Will she? Then think how you would have pitied me had I married her," and, singing a rollicking little song, he ran down the path, like the happy fellow he was.

At choir practice that night they rehearsed the Easter anthem, "There-fore, Let Us Keep the Feast." The-fore, let us keep the feast. So-

tableness. "Alice sings derstood r... if she un-one of... perfectly," whis-pered u... the choir. Mollie heard the vicious remark and resolved to be very gentle with Alice and her friend, if possible.

She spoke pleasantly, and walked home beside her. She told her she had



SHE PROPOSED TO "LARN MIS' BABCOCK HOUSEKEEPING"—A DAY DEFERRED.

heard she cooked as well as she sang. Would she give her a recipe for rusk? Alice was pleasant in turn, and repeated the desired ingredients, Mollie stopping at a lamp post to jot down the items. "Half a yeast cake?" asked Mollie.

"Yes, and a bit more, if you would insure their lightness."

"O, thank you," said Mollie, as they parted. "I would like them to be good. It would please dear Joe."

"Little fool," sneered Alice to herself, "she'll make a mess of it. Much I care about pleasing dear Joe!"

Saturday afternoon the little yellow house bristled with cleanliness. Snowy curtains were looped from shining windows. Every room was spotless, and a tired little woman was watching for Joe, and hoping she hadn't forgotten anything. She stroked an aggressive flute in the curtain frill, and, hurrying to the kitchen, restirred the contents of a bowl, saying:

"Maybe I'd better put in the other half yeast cake;" then decidedly, "I will. Oh, wouldn't it be splendid if these were lighter than Alice Morris' rusk. How proud Joe would be," and she popped in the extra yeast, beat the mixture vigorously, and slid the bowl out of sight in the ice box.

When Joe Babcock reached home, a boy beside him was trundling a wheelbarrow filled with parcels. Mollie ran down to the gate in a flutter of excitement, for Joe was well laden, too. He

unpacked his parcels with

room, where they unpacked his shopping.

"You dear," she cried, as the treasures were unrolled that proclaimed Joe's catering ability: "I never should have remembered half these things, yet I should have missed them directly we were at table! But didn't you bring me anything?"

"O, yes. I met Dr. and Mrs. Grey at the station, and they are expecting us for dinner to-morrow, sure."

"Is that all? That was for you, too," pouted Mollie.

"All! All! Well, I think it pretty nice, Mrs. Babcock! No dinner to cook, and a jolly good one to eat! What do you women expect?"

Easter morning dawned clear, and Mollie awakened in a joyous mood. She sprang out of bed, and, singing a scale or two, rejoiced.

"O, leave off, can't you?" mumbled Joe, longing for one more snooze; and remembering the rusk, secretly rising for the Easter feast, she "left off."

Suddenly Joe's drowsiness fled. He remembered that Nancy was away,



THERE, WITH HER HEAD ON THE TABLE, WAS MOLLIE.

and, dressing swiftly, he hastened downstairs. No breakfast odors greeted him, and the house was very quiet. The kitchen fire blazed, but no kettle was over it. There with her head on the table was Mollie, sobbing as if her heart would break, and from the refrigerator rolled and effervesced rusk

lough, that like a frothy sea surged over the kitchen floor.

"What under the canopy?" began Joe, and then he laughed. Oh, oh, how he laughed!

Mollie tried to look haughty, but broke down and sobbed out her story on Joe's shoulder.

"See here," said Joe, kissing her and

rights. When your eyes look like my Mollie's eyes, open a box that lies on the bed, and see if that box's the right shade. Tut!" as Mollie sobbed again, "mind! You're not to come down till I call." He closed the door and began to whistle.

"Geel!" said he, "what a mess! That old cat (meaning Miss Morris) has given Mollie the wrong recipe. I bet I could make rusk enough for 20 people out of what's left. It's lucky I was brought up on a farm."

When Mrs. Babcock smelled coffee she forgot her instructions and made straight for the kitchen. To her surprise Nancy was at work, faded calico, prunella boots and all.

"Why, Nancy," said she, "I am glad you're back."

"Nancy be blessed!" shouted Joe from the depths of her plaid sunbonnet, and Mollie's fun began; for in Nancy's "duds," and imitating her stride and grab of things, he did present a droll figure, and Mollie laughed until they were both merry and bright as Easter day.

"There! That's O. K., little woman," said Joe, standing off and viewing the table; and indeed it was. All their prettiest china, glass and silver decorated the satin-like cloth. The dishes were laden with salads, meats, preserves, cakes and dainties, and, like a floral weave, were hyacinths and lilies.

"Listen, Mollie! By and by I'll slip off, light the fire and put over the kettle. When I come back, you vamoose and finish up." Mollie nodded, smiling delightedly.

The members of Trinity choir were coming. Mollie and Joe met the happy ten at the door and made them welcome. All were merry and full of the day's events. Mollie kept talking and avoided personalities; she dreaded being questioned about rusk. In due time Joe disappeared—unmissed—for some one was playing "Die Traumerei."

He was gone so long that Mollie trembled; but when he returned, flushed and happy, Mollie slipped off like a vision.

The kettle's music greeted her, the kitchen was neat, and a scent of baking filled the air. Mollie wondered at it, but was too busy to investigate.

When they assembled, all complimented them on the beauty and abundance of the table.

"Yes," cried Joe, ecstatically, "Mrs. Babcock is a notable housekeeper! Mollie," he went on, avoiding his wife's rebuking glance, "Why, Mollie, you are forgetting the rusk."

He stepped to a side table, and, lifting two plates heaped high with golden steaming rusk, placed them with the feast.

The blessing was a saving grace; and Mollie could lower her radiant, overimposed eyes, for well she knew that the heaven of her good husband's love had saved her from the "old leaven."

## New Dry Goods

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**Jas. Crenshaw,**

EARLINGTON, KENTUCKY.